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For the Saturday Press.

Yourn and Mine, and Any-Day.

[A Year after Walt Whitman.]

1. With antecedents and consequents,
With our Fathers, Mothers, Aunts, Uncles, and the family at large accumulated by past ages,
With all which would have been nothing if anything were not something which everything is,
With Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Peoria, and New Jersey,
With the Pre-Adamite, the Yarab, the Guebre, the Hottentot, the Esquimaux, the Gorilla, and the Nondescription,
With antique powwowing,—with laws, jaws, wars, and three-tailed bashaws,
With the butcher, the baker, the candle-stick-maker, and Ralph Waldo Carlyle,
With the sale of Long Island Railway stock, with spiritualists, with the yawper, with the organ-grinder and monkey,
With everybody and everything in general and nothing and nobody in particular, besides otherbodies and things too numerous to mention,
Yourn and Mine arrived. The Arrival arrove, and nuking this Nonsense.
This Nonsense! sending itself ahead of any sane comprehension this side of Jordan.

2. O, but it is not the Nonsense,—it is Mine,—it is Yourn,
We touch all 'effects,' and tally all bread-sticks,
We are the Electras and Soforths, we easily include them, and more;
All obfusticates around us,—there is as much as possible of a muchness;
The entire system of the universe discomboloborates aroun I us with a perfect looseness.

3. As for Mine,
Mine has the idea of my own, and what's Mine is my own and my own is all Mine and believes in it all,
Mine believes meum is true, and rejects nix.

4. Has Mine forgotten to grab any part?
Fork over then whoever and whatever is worth having, till Mine gives a receipt in full.

5. Mine respects Brahma, Vishnu, Mumbo-Jumbo, and the great Panjandrum,
Mine adopts things generally which are claimed by Yourn,
Mine asserts that these should have been my own in all past days,
And that they could not no how have been nobody else's,
And that to-day is neither yesterday nor to-morrow,—and that I S is is.

6. In the name of Dogberry,—and in Mine and Yourn,—Bosh!
And in the name of Bombastes Furioso,—and in Yourn and Mine,—Gas!

7. Mine knows that Dogberry was an Ass, and Bombastes Furioso a likewise,
And that both curiously conjoint in the present time, in Yourn and Mine,
And that where Mine is, or Yourn is, this present day, there is the centre of all Asininities,
And there is the meaning to us, of all that has ever come of Yourn and Mine, or ever will come.

SAERASMID.

Philadelphia.

For the Saturday Press.

All about Drummers.

BY J. W. WATSON.

Drumming!—When I mention this word to my friend Hyacinth Jones, he says, "Of course, my dear boy, I know all about it. Drumming, certainly, it is performed by manipulating two pieces of wood on a bit of sheep-skin. A very pretty accomplishment, by the by. Nothing finer than to hear that band of drums in our regiment, the 7th, my boy. You should hear them."

I am obliged to admit that Jones takes the popular view of the question.

But, should I, making a speciality of the case, call upon Serge, of the firm of Serge, De Laine & Co., to explain to an intelligent public, what his house understands by the term "Drumming," Serge would say,

"Drumming, sir, is the latest and most approved method of opening connections, and of keeping them open, both with cash-men and time-men. Four-months men, six-months men, and twelve-months men, require, sir, to be Drummed and properly Drummed."

Mr. Serge, you can retire.

Drumming, ladies and gentlemen, is only another phrase for what in England was once termed "the occupation of a bagman," or more recently, that of "a commercial traveller." To properly fill the post of Drummer, calls for many great requisites, the first and most important of which is a knowledge of human nature.

A Drummer goes out from a large wholesale house or manufacturer in the city, for the avowed purpose of selling goods, either at the time of visiting the customer in a distant city or part of the country, or of cultivating that customer for a prospective sale, at such time as that person may visit the city from whence Mr. Drummer originates.

The duties of the Drummer are multifarous, his grades ditto. He ranges from salary $500 to salary $5,000 per annum, and perquisites. He goes out with his trunk or valise stuffed with the goods he is expected to sell, partaking largely of the genus pedlar, or he starts with an assuming array of baggage well filled with the most stunning marvels of the tailor, hatter, and bootmaker, wherewith to astonish the provincials. In the recesses of that baggage, can be found many sweet little articles of novelty and cost, such articles as cannot be found in a country-town, and would be held in high estimation by Mrs. Smith, the spouse of that identical Smith, who, every Fall and Spring, makes quite a considerable bill with "Our House." Drummer has an elegantly careless way of managing all this. He does not go to Smithtown to sell goods. O! no. He is far above this. He is only out to keep up the connection. He tells Smith that he has taken Smithtown on his way to some distant place, thought of Smith, and felt as if he would like the pleasure of shaking hands with him, and of renewing old times. Drummer has a lively recollection of the last visit of Smith to New York, when Drummer shewed him around and they had a general good time. Smith is a little frightened at first, to see Drummer, not from any fear of enquiry into his stability, but Smith is a strong man at home, a good family-man, and a Church-member. He sees at a glance, that if Drummer should stay a day at Smithtown, it would be necessary to reciprocate; and a terrible shadow of Mrs. Smith and the naturally inquisitive way of woman, flashes across him. He does not know how fallible Drummer may be, and Smith trembles at the revelations he could make concerning that general good time in New York.

Drummer, however, as a man of the world, does not leave Smith long in doubt on this point; and that gentleman's mind once easy, he dines with Drummer at the Smithtown Hotel. A capital dinner, one glass of brandy-and-water, no champagne. "Thank you! Thank you! Mrs. Smith, you see, is rather queer about those things. You'll spend the evening with us, of course; a few friends, make you acquainted. Yes! I was noticing it, a very beautiful thing. Scissors, thimbles, spools, all ivory. Very odd indeed! Japan work, eh? Never saw one like it. 'Pon my word, I couldn't think of it. Don't insist. Mrs. Smith won't know what to say. Yes! rather funny idea, that of yours. Say that a friend in New York, wishes not to be known. She'll be puzzled to death, and wont sleep for a week. Now you'll be up by five, time enough for tea. The first brick house as you get up the hill. Not a drop more, for the world. Mrs. Smith, you see. Ha! ha! ha!"

And away goes Smith with that Japan workbox under his arm, which he is pledged to represent as coming from some unknown friend; and which pledge Smith will assuredly break within ten minutes of getting the box home, and Drummer knows it well.

Drummer goes up that evening, time enough for tea, and is received with great *empressement*. Smith has put on a standing collar for the occasion. Mrs. Smith and Miss Evelina Smith are got up lavishly. Mrs. does the tea, and Miss the piano. The company drops in,—among them, several pretty girls; but Drummer can see none but Miss Evelina, through whose head visions of being transplanted to New York, and of Drummer's commercial greatness, chase each other.

And thus Drummer floats away from Smithtown, leaving behind him an aroma of courtesy, off-hand nonchalance, and pleasant dreams, that will endure for a long time to come, and be likely to bear fruit, in the shape of a visit of Miss Evelina to New York the next season, when Smith comes to buy goods; in which case, the general good time will be repeated in a more limited way, counting Miss Evelina as in. While Drummer at his next stopping-place will write home to Serge, De Laine, & Co., that he has *done* Smith, and finds him all right, sound, wind and limb, and "as good as wheat." After which "the house" knows it can continue to sell goods to Smith on six months' credit, or longer, and enlarge his account, should he wish it.

In all this visit to Smithtown, not one word is *spoken* of business.

This is a type of the drummer magnificent, who scorns the selling of goods while on his travelling excursions. He is an enthusiast in his profession, and writes himself "Salesman." He only travels "to keep up his connection," that is, to see the customers to whom he sells goods in the Spring and Fall, at their own homes in the Summer. He drops in on them, accidentally, of course, merely in a friendly way. He is not like the man who is sent out by a second or third rate establishment, with his samples, to sell goods on the spot, or the agent who is sent down with a power-of-attorney "to secure that little account." Our first-class drummer luxuriates on a salary of perhaps $5000, with a *carte blanche* from the house, to draw upon them for any farther amount necessary to cultivate business. It could hardly be expected that he should "do" New York and other places, on so paltry a salary. The salary is paid for his connection already formed, and his ability to handle it. Or, in other words, for the acquaintance he may have through the country with people who are buyers of goods in his line, and for his particular tact in keeping those customers from year to year, and not letting them carry their custom to others in that line. To do this well an excellent memory is requisite, that he may recall faces and names, and when a customer makes his appearance immediately address him, "Ah! Mr. Smith, glad to see you, how are all the folks at Smithtown?" This clinches the matter at once. If, argues Smith, Mr. Drummer, through whose brain calculations for thousands daily find ventilation, and whose customers are legion, can so readily recollect me, and Smithtown, it stands to reason that Mr. Drummer must hold me in great personal esteem. And, if Mr. Drummer takes the trouble to turn out of his way to visit me at Smithtown, it is very conclusive that Mr. Drummer must find a charm in my society.

It is very plain that Smith could not have heard of the inquiries that were made by Drummer on the occasion of that visit to Smithtown. Of the quiet yet searching questions regarding his accumulation of real estate, and of his personal habits.

An illustration of Drummer's wonderful powers of memory, will not be bad. I met him one day dodging about the parlors and passages of one of the large hotels. He stopped uneasily for a few moments to talk with me, and then, as though with a divided duty, dashed away. He was back instantly and said, "wait for me here one minute, I'll come directly back," and pulling a small memorandum-book from his pocket, he ran rapidly over its leaves until he settled on one and read, "Ephraim Brown, Detroit, small man, greyish hair, lame of left leg, walks with cane, mole on right cheek, very quiet, widower, three daughters, Sarah, Josephine, and Mary." All this he read off *sotto voce*, pocketed the book, and took another walk through. Suddenly I saw Drummer swoop down on an elderly gentleman, whom I knew in a moment for Ephraim Brown of Detroit. The affectionate manner with which he approached Brown, was really gratifying to me, and must have been equally so to that gentleman, when once he knew his man, though it struck me he rather shied from Drummer at first, as he would have done from a confidence-man, pocketbook-dropper, or some other equally hospitable professional. In less than five minutes Drummer trotted Brown up to me with an introduction, and affecting enquiries after the Misses Sarah, Josephine, and Mary. It is quite needless to add that Drummer after "doing" New York to the entire satisfaction of Brown, sold him "a stiff bill," and sent him back to Detroit rejoicing.

Brown was emphatically a six months man.

The effect to which this system of Drumming is carried, would have rather astonished our steady forefathers in trade, who sat quietly in their cobwebby countingrooms and awaited the coming of their customers. They were content in turning their capital once in two years, making a sturdy profit and hating "close buyers." They slept securely on their pillows irregardless of a panic, and troubling themselves little with country-paper which they could not get through bank. They did not toss uneasily in the morning at the recollection that they were so many thousands short that day, while its representatives were upon the books in the shape of dues by Southern men, and Western men, sold upon four-months, and running to fourteen. In these days, when three partners make a firm, high-sounding, on a capital of ten thousand dollars each, or thirty thousand in all, and each of these gentlemen must have a stylish house, and belongings at the rate of ten thousand per annum, there must be some wonderful sharp work to make the books balance, and the capital must be turned a little oftener than *once* in two years.

The land swarms with Drummers. They people the hotels and crowd the cars. If you mark a traveller whose *hazé* air is painfully apparent, be sure he is a Drummer. His hat will wear the glossiest sheen, his boots the patentest of patent-leather, his watchguard and charms beyond criticism, and a diamond ring of no mean value to grace the little finger of the right hand. You will talk with him—he babbles with information, he has been everywhere, seen everybody, can tell you the proper hotels to stop at through the length and breadth of the land. He has cultivated courtesy and never forgets it. After you have left him, you will mentally weigh your man, and conclude that you have crossed the path of some millionaire, travelling to brush away the dim spectre of *ennui*.

After all I have said, I stand much in the position of a certain honorable Member of Congress from Pennsylvania, who a few years since fought valiantly for the abolition of a body of officials, whom he denominated "the greatest set of rascals unhung." A defender declared the honorable gentleman spoke unknowingly.

"Not know! not know, gentlemen!" shouted the indignant Pennsylvanian, "Wasn't I one of 'em myself for seven years."

And, wasn't I one of 'em myself?

For the Saturday Press.

LOVE—AND LOSS.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

I.

They have passed away, away,—
Let us trust, to a glorious day;
For to them the earth was drear,
And the very Heavens were gray
With the shadows of coming Fear.

II.

Yet One was a gentle girl!
Of beauty and love the pearl,—
'Mid a thousand the fairest far;
Her eyes were clear as the crystal tides
Which gush from the snow-wrapt mountain-sides,
And soft as the evening star.

III.

Her lips dropped words of balm,
And her presence, pure and calm,
Diffused a perfect light,
Where'er in the charm of her girlhood bright
She dawned on the vision of men;
But never, O! never again
Will the glow of her wonderful beauty shine,
To thrill our hearts with a joy divine,—
For the fair one sleeps in night.

IV.

He loved, and his Love was true;
But she melted like morning dew
From the breast of a fervent rose;
And just for lack of the sweetness rare
Wherewith her passion had feasted him,
The strong man pined, and his cheek grew dim,
For his sorrow was hard to bear.
What marvel he pined for a quick release?
What marvel he pined for the endless peace,
The calm of the last Repose?

V.

And so, where the storm of war grew loud,
And the threatening wrack of the battle-cloud
Waxed dark and dun,
He sought the foremost lines; he led
Where thickly strewed were the mangled dead;
And when the fight was o'er,
And the terrible sound of the war's alarms
Was heard no more, no more,
He sunk on Death, as a weary son
Might sink in his Father's arms!

VI.

They have passed away, away,
Let us trust, to a cloudless day;
For to them the Earth was drear,
And the very Heavens were gray
With the shadows of coming Fear!

For the Saturday Press.

A RATHER COOL TIME.

NEW HAVEN, Jan. 16th, 1860.

It is pleasant to sit in a warm room, with slippered feet, wadded dressing-gown, a stuffed armchair, every appliance, in fact, of comfort and ease—to sit and look back at some old time, when accident or misfortune had placed one in a position the very reverse of what is now so much enjoyed. All good is only so by comparison, and present pleasure is enhanced tenfold by recollections of past pain.

So I sit to-night, and 'enjoy myself' the more by recalling some dismal Winter scenes through which I have passed at one time and another, and contrasting therewith the pleasing sensations of warmth and security that now surround me. One of these little episodes was this:

It was on that very Green River whereof Bryant wrote,

'When breezes are soft, and skies are fair,'

that there occurred to me, one cold, moonlit night, a most dismal, disagreeable adventure, the which I can never look back upon without a shudder at the possibilities of catastrophe then opened to my immediate view.

It was, as I have said, a cold night; it was more, it was a very cold night; one of the first in the early Winter, and all the more chilly that we had as yet experienced so few of them. We had before us a long perspective of sleighing-parties and frolics on the ice; for the Winter in Greenfield, Massachusetts, brings seven or eight weeks of sleighing with it as a matter of course, with a likelihood of twelve or fourteen. In saying 'we,' I intended to indicate the more elderly inhabitants of the village, for I was at that time a boy of about twelve years of age, and sleighing-parties and matters of that sort were the last things I thought of or cared for. They necessitated females, and females I, at that time, held in much the same estimation that I did the mumps, or any other disagreeable institution. I have considerably modified my views since then. All of which is by the way, and wholly unnecessary.

It was a very cold night in early Winter, and Green River was frozen over with the first ice of the season. As a natural consequence, all the boys were out with their skates. There is, or was, a place of water called "The Bend," once a portion of the channel of the river, which at that point had curved in the shape of a large ox-bow. There had come a "freshet," in some Spring, years ago, and the river had cut through the narrow neck of land where its stream above and below had approached within a few hundred feet; had cut through, leaving its old channel to become gradually a long, narrow, irregularly curved pond, filled with eels, horn-pouts, perch, and other small fry. In the Winter this pond was great skating-ground, there being no current to disturb its early freezing, and very little depth in most parts of it. So the boys all congregated on "The Bend" for an evening of grand sport.

Fires were quickly lighted on the banks, and soon dozens of light young figures might be seen skimming the surface around the long sweep of the pond, bearing flaming brands on high, or joining in some game upon the smooth ice. Exercise kept us warm, and the sport and exhilaration were immense. The scene was not a little wild and romantic, shut in as we were on every side by hills, with thickly-wooded slopes coming down from the South to the very brink of the river, whose dark, frozen surface glittered in the moonlight only a few feet from us; only separated by a narrow belt of sand thrown up by the current from year to year.

Presently a friend of mine—he is at present a successful young merchant in New York—whom I will call Tom, proposed that we two should steal away from the others and try the river. We knew it was unsafe, and for that very reason we determined to risk it. We crossed the narrow boundary between and launched off, up stream.

Ah! how 'glare' the ice was, and how merrily we glided over its surface! How the ring of our resounding skates sped on before us up the river! How free and wild it was shooting away from the bonfires and the torch out into the silent night!

Those of your readers who have been *boys*—and I trust that most of the male portion of them have been—will understand me.

Past small sandy beach, and thicket, and willow copse, we sped up the river. Up to the bridge, and above it, where in the perpendicular banks we were wont to dig out, in Summers past, the nests of the sand-swallows,—up till we came to gleaming, rushing water, and turned suddenly in shore to save ourselves from a wetting.

Then, after waiting a little, and wondering what 'the boys' would think when they missed us, we were off down the river again.

Tom was much the best skater of the two, and after we passed the bridge he led me in the race down by two or three hundred feet, and was very apparently increasing the advantage. I was straining every muscle to keep my distance, and was listening with chagrin to the deeper and sharper ring and roar that accompanied his passage down the stream, showing with every stride that he was getting yet further from me. For there is this peculiarity in the noise made by skates upon the ice, that it is more apparent at three hundred yards distance than at twenty.

I was straining and fretting my way down behind him, listening to the music of his going, as it swept along the banks and round the curves of the little river, and was watching his swift gliding 'with all my eyes,' when suddenly the music was broken, cracked into a thousand little fragments of sound, and at the same instant Tom threw up his arms and went down!

The thin ice, which nearly the entire length of our swift course had sunk beneath us, rising again as we passed on, had at length given way, and Tom was in the river!

There was no doubt about that. As I swept past him the instant after, I caught one sickening glimpse of his struggling form tossed by the swift current. It was terrible. He had never before appeared to me so fine and generous and noble a fellow as he did then; when I felt certain that I was about to lose him. The river ran swift, and on the cheerless, snow-covered banks were no friends to whom we might call for aid.

At all events I could not bear the thought of leaving him to drown *alone*, and so I skated back towards him; for I had first passed down the river some little distance from the spot where he had broken through.

I came back cautiously and he called to me not to approach him. I believe that most, if not all, young lads are generous and chivalric in their natures, and the feeling that prompted him to warn me against coming towards his place of imminent peril, urged me to go on from a feeling that I *might* save him, and that it would be cowardly to desert him whether I were able to rescue him or no.

I skated back cautiously, I noticed that the ice just about here was very smooth and black, showing it to be both new and thin, and I also noticed that when I went with more than usual slowness it sunk beneath me, placing me for a moment in a sort of hollow.

It was only by constant and regular motion that even my light weight was borne up by it, and I do not believe it was over an inch in thickness.

Then I knew that there was no help for it. I had got up within a few feet of where he still bravely struggled in the water, and I could hear the rush and gurgle of the stream he buffeted with.

It was a very dreadful thought that we might float down under the ice till we sank in the still depths of the grist-mill pond.

Would our friends miss us very particularly? Would there be a funeral in case they did not find our bodies? If so, would there necessarily be coffins? and what could they inscribe upon our tombstones?

No one within hearing but we two, how was it ever to be known to any one what had become of us? Might they not reasonably think that we had gone away to join a band of pirates or a circus company, and so continue to look for us whenever the stage came in on future Summer evenings with a load of strange passengers?

Above all—to leave our friends and come down to the horrible present—how would it *feel* to be drowned?

All these thoughts, as kneeling and stretching my hand forward to reach Tom's, within two minutes of the time he had broken through, I felt the ice give way around me, and then sank quietly down into the cold water.

I came up in a second, breaking the ice as I rose, a few feet below the spot where I had gone in.

Tom was immediately beside me, keeping his head still above the water, and thrashing about him at a tremendous rate.

I swam while I could, as he had done, our heavy woollen clothing soon becoming saturated, and too heavy for that, however. Then I tried if I could touch bottom, and found that I could keep my toes on the sand and my mouth above the surface, and no more. I communicated the fact to Tom, who thereupon quit the thrashing upon the ice with his arms, which had hitherto kept him up, and settled down for an instant's breathing spell.

There was no time for more, for the fierce current tore us from our feet, and hurried us down stream; cold, terrible, and resistless, it took from us all life and animation by the indescribable *numbness* it sent through every fibre.

This could not last long, evidently. We were getting utterly chilled through and powerless. For myself, I know that while I was in the water I lost all fear of dying, and pretty much all care to live, and I presume it was the same with my friend. But there was still an instinct of self-preservation left, and that prompted us to break the ice before us towards the shore.

We were both apparently seized with the same idea at the same time, and both put it in practice, although we knew that between ourselves and the land lay a deep, still pool, where we were in the habit of bathing in quite another fashion in the Summer.

Unless we could break the entire distance across this, and reach the willows on the bank, keeping our heads meanwhile above water, we were as surely drowned as ever were any two lads shipwrecked a hundred miles from the nearest land, or cast on a terrible, rocky shore in a fierce gale. Of course we knew this, and I presume we both thought of it.

But just as we had reached the boundary of this pool, we found ourselves simultaneously upon our hands and knees upon the ice, which here, over the still water, was strong enough to bear us.

There was no doubt about it! Chilled, stiff, aching to the innermost core of our beings, we were yet alive and saved!

It seemed hardly possible after the certainties of three minutes before—after the absolute standing face to face with Death—when hope had gone out, and we only wondered how long and how painful it would be to die. We had never supposed that any one could be so stupid and thankless over such an escape.

In fact we stood upon the shore, looking back at the great, open place our struggles had made in the river, where the black water rushed, whirling and terrible, as at some strange and unpleasant thing with which we had little to do.

We had been more comfortable during our five or six minutes in the water, than we were now we were out of it, with every cold blast, every icy breath, piercing our wet garments and slowly encasing us in an armor of ice.

So Tom said, "I guess we had better go home."

I thought so too.

WARREN.

For the Saturday Press.

THE RESULT.

You did begin. You can't deny
You kissed me first. Don't you remember
How splendidly the moon rode high
And full, that evening in September?

We two were sitting quite alone,
Your head upon my shoulder resting;
The loving moonlight round us shone,
You pouted out your lips, suggesting

That I should bend my head to see
If you were earnest, or but joking:
My lips touched yours. You must agree
That crime was of your own provoking.

If you were vexed why did you stay,
Your head upon my breast reclining?
Or not tell me to take away
The arm that was your waist confining?

T'was long ago, and yet it seems
But yesterday, as now recalling
Our fresh young love, our happy dreams,
The Autumn-leaves around us falling.

We little thought how it would end,
That love our future life was guiding
To where we are, this little friend
To our protection thus confiding.

It can't be helped. We must receive
The charge, while trustfully believing
That love, in his young life, will leave
No greater cause than ours, for grieving.

It must be so. The breast from which
The little fellow strength is gaining,
Contains a heart in love so rich,
I, fearless, trust him to your training.

D. D.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S RELIGION.

In a recent article we noticed some comment upon the celibacy of Irving; we now protest against equally illogical remarks upon his religion. "Who would learn from these writings," asks the *Congregationalist*, "that the first, last, most imperative duty of every man on earth is to honor his Maker by personal service and praise?" Now this is one of those queries which have an ecclesiastical, not a religious origin, and breathe the same bigotry which, of old, made the Romish Church the enemy of scientific truth. How a man, with a particle of that veneration and love which constitute the germ and buds of all Christian faith, can put such a question, is marvellous. There is something vulgar in this demand for literal statement where the spirit of an author's writings is so fraught with humanity and with the sentiment of faith. We notice it because it exemplifies a prevalent tendency, betrays a not uncommon want of moral sensibility. Who has written of human life with a more genuine respect for all that is sacred and pure in its functions and phenomena, than Irving? Is there no religious suggestion in his vivid descriptions of nature, of households, of a widow's grief, of the great navigator's heroic faith, of the peerless chieftain's pious trust and immaculate conscientiousness?

Would not this implied, latent, but pervasive religion, be made utterly conventional by a more definite and dogmatical confession of faith and theological creed? It is characteristic of the age to crave over-expression; philanthropy is a profession, not an habitual instinctive motive; religion is a formula; domestic love more and more a technical principle; so coarse and so public is life, that only what is announced by the sound of the trumpet and written on banners is believed or attended to. Here is an endeared author who for more than half a century has ministered to the poetry of life, glorified the beauty and grace of nature and humanity, illustrated the noblest examples, set forth the charities and sanctities of our being,—without ostentation, naturally, sweetly, and so as to win the best sympathies of the heart,—and now that death has canonised him to the popular affection, comes a critic demanding why he did not interlard his stories with Scripture quotations and weave the Apostles' Creed into his biographies,—for this is the amount of the objection to Irving, when analysed.

Fortunately both his life and his writings impressed nearer and less narrow observers in a very different way; they recognise in him an eminently religious writer as well as a true Christian man. By no class has he been more mourned and honored than by the clergy, especially those who knew him best. His own minister, Dr. Creighton, loved him as a churchman, and Dr. Morgan, of St. Thomas's, paid an eloquent tribute to the influence of his writings. The *Congregationalist* laments that he did not write religious essays, like Addison. It would have been affectation in Washington Irving; he was altogether too modest a man and too humble a Christian to set himself up as a teacher. He had no call to expound or expostulate. His life, the tone of his writings, the "spirit he was of," were essentially religious, and only a bigoted or an unphilosophic and unsympathetic mind could ever lament that, as a writer, he was otherwise in this regard; for the testimony he offered was spontaneous, instinctive, winsome, and therefore beautiful and true. To such animadverters as this of the *Congregationalist*, we would say—

To their own law abandon all things real.
Nor, with incessant care,
Strive to conform to thy perverse ideal
What God created fair.

Boston Evening Transcript

For the Saturday Press.

SHOPPING.

A DOMESTIC COMEDY.

SCENE I.

A parlor.—CHARLES *and* AUGUSTINA DOYLEPOKE *discovered seated.*—CHARLES *reading newspaper.*—AUGUSTINA *looking over his shoulder.*

Augustina.—What finds my love to read? I can see nought
But dull debates and editorials long, on politics.

Charles.—The news from England, sweet. Cotton is down.

Augustina.—Indeed! and what of that? Bother the cotton!

(Looking over paper.) Ah! What is this? New silks at TAPE's.

(Aside.) Now will I strike, while yet the iron's hot.

(Aloud.) So cotton's down! I'm sorry love, for that, if you
Would have it up? Come, Charlie, let us out.
Your hand feel's hot: your forehead glows: your eyes
Look dull and heavy. Let us out, a walk
Will do you good. Say, will you go?

Charles (aside).—Methinks I smell a mouse; I heard
Her mention silks at TAPE's. *(Aloud.)* No, not to-day.
I letters have to write. The steamer's news
Is bad.

Augustina.—Well, write to-morrow, love. The sun shines.
Warm and bright: the streets are thronged, 'tis just
A month since you went out with me.
(Puts arms round his neck.) Come, popolorum-tib, come with its ducky dear!
I'll do up-stairs, and just put on my tings,
And den, we'll have a walky-talky. *(Kisses him.)*
There! Will it go? It can't refuse its 'ittle duck.

Charles (aside).—I'm in for it, I see! *(Aloud.)* Well, since you seem so bent on it,
I care not, so my love is pleased, if round the square,
Or in the Park, we take a stroll.

Augustina.—The Park! O, surely no The walks are damp.
The leafless trees look dreary. *(Aside.)* So I once got him out,
I'll pilot him aright. *(Aloud.)* But, never mind, the dullest Park
Would be a paradise with thee.

[*Kisses him again and exits in a hurry.*

Charles (looking after her thoughtfully).—O, Gammon!

SCENE II.

Broadway.—CHARLES *and* AUGUSTINA *promenading.*

Augustina.—Was I not right? The nasty Park was wet,
But here 'tis beautiful! O, what a lovely set!

Charles.—Of what? Of chessmen?

Augustina.— Laces, dear love, look there!
[*Points to window.*

Charles.—Is that your friend Miss Blink, who passed just now?

Augustina.—Miss Blink? Where?

Charles.— There! Behind us

Augustina.—The lady in the dark silk dress?

Charles.— Aye.

Augustina.—No! But we have passed the shop where those sweet laces

Charles.—Have we? O, never mind!

Augustina.— I should so like
To price them—only price them, love!

Charles (aside).— If I
Turn back, I'm lost!

(Aloud.) O what a pair!

Augustina.—Of earrings, love?

Charles.— No; horses, sweet, just
Look how gallantly they bear themselves!

Augustina (looking in shop window).—I never saw
Such perfect brutes. O, they are lovely!

Charles.— Ah!
I'm glad that you admire them. Would they were mine!

Augustina.—And so they may be, dear, they're very cheap
Only ten dollars.

Charles.— Ten dollars! A thousand, rather!
Maybe two!

Augustina.—My love mistakes; see, they are marked,
"*This lovely pair of Understeeves only Ten Dollars!*"

Charles.—Understeeves! I spoke of horses.

Augustina.— Horses?
I saw no horses, but that lovely pair of sleeves.
So cheap!

Charles.—Come, let us on! *(Aside.)* No go! No go!

Augustina (looking back regretfully).—I'll fix him yet!

[*They walk on for some time, until they approach* TAPE's. *When* CHARLES *begins walking very rapidly.*

Augustina.—O, I'm so tired! Do not walk so fast.
O, my poor side! My heart will sure come through
O, I can go no further! such a spasm!

[*Stops opposite* TAPE's *door.*

Charles (aside).— The crisis is approaching to hesitate
Is ruin! *(Aloud.)* Let us return, I'll call a hack!

Augustina.—No! no! 'Twill pass anon. Let us go in to TAPE's.
There I can rest. I could not bear the jolting
Of a hack. O, there again! that dreadful pain!
Quick, take me in!

Charles.—No, dearest, no! What, rest in TAPE's?
Not I.
Quickly let me take thee home. My love is ill.
Home. Home at once!

Augustina.— Ha I shall faint! Support me!

Charles (calling).—Ho! there you! driver! He heeds me not.
He has a fare!

Augustina.—O cruel man! *(Weeps.)* Here in the streets shall I
Fall down and die! Ha! *(Begins to sink.)*
O Charles, cruel Charles.

Charles (losing his presence of mind).—She may be ill Indeed! I'd best go in.

[*Supports her into* TAPE's, *from which they soon come out,* CHARLES *carrying a parcel and* AUGUSTINA *looking charming.*

Augustina (triumphantly).—Now!
You may call a hack!

Charles.— I think a 'bus will do as well,
I can't afford a hack. I shall be ruined.
Cotton is down—and

Augustina.— Law! I forgot. Why so it is!
Well, never mind, it will go up again
Next week! Come, let's go home!

[*They get into an omnibus and exit,* CHARLES *searching his pocket for small change.*

For the Saturday Press.

ÆSOP ALTERED
TO SUIT THE TIMES.

The Man with Two Wives.

It happened once,—no matter where,—
A certain man, of substance rare,
Enjoying all his heart could prize,
But not—who is?—at all times wise,
Two wives successfully had wooed.
For Bigamy was not *tabooed*;
One, whom he'd married long ago,
From age, was nearly white as snow.
The other, a young heedless thing,
With locks as black as raven's wing:
The elder, to its source could trace
Her blood from pure Caucasian race,
And boasted of her special share
As though she first had placed it there.
The younger was of darkish hue,
And showed—but this is "*entre nous*"
To those habituated, soon
Suspicions of the *Octoroon*

Their wedded life was calm and fair
At first, and free from every care:
But after those few halcyon days,
The wives, of course, pulled different ways.
And vexed their spouse until, they say,
His hair grew prematurely gray.
Yet, plague and worry as they would,
They'd cry, "'Twas only for his good."
At length, one morning, with each wife,
A lull in the domestic strife,—
The man, enjoying transient ease,
Felt gay and happy as you please,
When, half in earnest, half in joke,
'Twas thus his helpmates to him spoke.
And first the elder: "*Husband dear,*"
Said she, "*how handsome you'd appear*
Were those black hairs but out of sight,
And all your head a silver white!"
"*What nonsense!*" said the younger; "*no!*
I couldn't bear to see him so,
The white ones rather let's remove,
And then he'll be a perfect love."

The husband smiled, good easy man,
As thus their tongues together ran,
Thinking they only were in jest;
But when, with fearful rage possest,
Excited by the argument,
Each wife, on victory intent,
Began to settle the affair
By plucking wildly at his hair,
His patience fled; "*This is too bad,*"
Cried he, "*Why, are ye fools or mad?*
Is it not better I should wear
These piebald tresses than go bare—
Especially, since thus it suits
You both to tear them from the roots?
Or would you dare"—and in his ire
His quiet eyes flashed sudden fire—
"*Lead* ME *with infamy and pain,*
Your own opinions to maintain?

MORAL.

None!—if you don't my meaning spy,
You've lost your time, and so have I.

For the Saturday Press.

LEAVES FROM NATURE.
NO. IV.

As I sit by my cottage hearth, I hear the rain beating sullenly without. Though enjoying the warmth of a large fire, and surrounded by all things from which to gain comfort, I cannot help sorrowing for the loss of Summer. It seems only yesterday since joyous Spring came and washed up the flowers; when the barks of the trees were cracking with green buds, and the yellow bees were busy sucking sweets from the climbing honeysuckle. Now all is dark and dismal. The wind whistles drearily around the hills; insects that used with gay life to fill the grass, are housed; even the snakes avoid the chilling scene, and have hid themselves. I can see no planet throbbing through the dark that sends me comfort;—I only see the wild boughs as they blow against my window. I watch the day fade into twilight, and see the shadows grow into darkness.

As night's black curtain shuts all objects from my vision, I seem to be in a dream of love, conjuring up those things on which I joy to dwell—recall scenes that once gave me pleasure. I go back to childhood's days, when my youthful brain formed bright pictures, but to be rubbed out almost as soon as made, and think them like flowers washed up by joyous Spring, and stricken down by Winter's blast. I look back to my young manhood, when each pulse beat with an ambition for success, and imagine it a tree in springtime, cracking with green buds. I think of the time when from each episode in life I drew but pleasant thoughts, and liken it to the climbing honeysuckle, from which the yellow bees call their sweetened food.

Now these times are past! Why do I long for that which I know I cannot have? Old age cannot possess the youthful mind, nor can a Winter's air be perfumed by Summer's flowers. By advanced years my eyes are dimmed and my form is bent. My pleasures now are the realities of the past. My fire burns dimly; I throw on some sticks of wood; the flames leap cheerfully up the chimney, and throw a pleasant, homelike light about the room. A cricket from under my kitchen cupboard begins to sing its cheerful notes, and in its chirping language tells me not to mourn for what is past—that a "whistling March will plant again the April meadows"; wheat-fields will grow bright in their own time; in their own day the king-cups will come through the grass; and somewhere there is light, if your weak thought can strike upon the way.

R. W. P.

Right and Wrong.

The old adage that "two wrongs don't make one right," is simply absurd; the horrid condition of the streets in this city, and of things in general at Washington, are two grievous wrongs that inevitably *make one write*.

—Pagnerre, of Paris, announces for January the fifth volume of the French translation of Shakespeare by M. Francois-Victor Hugo, a son of the Hugo, and who shares his father's exile. M. Hugo has adopted a peculiar classification in his arrangement of Shakespeare's plays. Thus the new volume will be the second of the department which he entitles "The Jealous" ("Les Jaloux"), and will contain "Cymbeline" and "Othello." The previous volume contained "Troilus and Cressida," "Much Ado about Nothing," and "A Winter's Tale."

A TOPER'S SOLILOQUY.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And so likewise have I;
The reason, too, 's the same—
It comes of getting dry.
But here's the difference 'twixt the leaves and me:
I falls 'more harder' and more frequently.

—The following fine hit is from the *N. Y. Times* of Wednesday last:

That striking piece of statuary which adorns the entrance of the negro minstrel hall in Broadway, ought to be planted before the *Tribune's* door as a typical emblem of its wit. It represents an excited African maintaining an eternal *pose*, as if breaking into a dance, with a fixed and unchanging grin across the whole breadth of his ample face—which remains the same by day and night, through all seasons and under all circumstances—changeless itself in the midst of the great street's ceaseless change. Fancy a man amusing himself by contemplating that mirthful statue for an hour on a stretch. If he did not become a lunatic, it would be simply from lack of original capacity. The *Tribune's* wit is of precisely the same quality, and must eventually produce similar effects. It has the same fixed, unvarying character—one broad, grimy grin—the steel-trap jaws opening and shutting, as if by machinery, with uniform regularity, and to just about the same distance, at every provocation, great and small—and quite as often without, as with, any provocation at all.

The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending January 21, 1860.

Of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pile of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent SATURDAY PRESS, *does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in comely type, is a very valuable notice.*—HARPER'S WEEKLY, Nov. 12, 1859.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

RELIGIOUS.

The Concord of Ages: or, The Individual and Organic Harmony of God and Man. By Edward Beecher, D.D., author of the "Conflict of Ages." 12mo. $1 25. New York: Derby & Jackson.

Sermons. By Richard Fuller, D.D., of Baltimore. 1 vol., 12mo. Muslin. $1. New York: Sheldon & Co.

NOVELS.

The Planter's Daughter. A Companion to the "Planter's Northern Bride." By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Dedicated, by permission, to Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, of New York. 2 vols., paper cover, $1; or, bound in one volume, cloth, $1 25. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A History of New England Stocks for a Quarter of a Century—January, 1835, to January, 1860—including all the Semi-Annual Dividends and full Notes of Reference. Boston: J. G. Martin.

The Union. Being a Condemnation of Mr. Helper's scheme, with a Plan for the settlement of the "Irrepressible Conflict." By One who has considered both sides of the question. Pamphlet, pp. 32. 10 cents. New York: F. A. Brady.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

The Haunted House. By Charles Dickens, author of Pickwick Papers, etc. 8vo, pp. 80. 25 cents. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

Fanny. Translated from the French of Ernest Feydeau. Preface by Jules Janin. 12mo, paper. 50 cents. New York: Evert D. Long & Co.

Tom Brown at Oxford. A Sequel to School-Days at Rugby. By Thomas Hughes, author of School-Days at Rugby, Scouring of the White Horse, etc. Part III. 12 cents. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

RELIGIOUS.

The Nonsuch Professor in his Meridian Splendor; or, The Singular Actions of Sanctified Christians Laid Open. In Seven Sermons at All Hallow's Church, London Wall. By William Seeker. To which is added "The Wedding Ring," a Sermon by the same author. The introduction by C. P. Krauth, Jr., D.D. 1 vol., 12mo. $1. New York: Sheldon & Co.

The Great Tribulation; or, Things Coming on the Earth. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D., F.R.S.E., minister of the Scottish National Church, Crown Court, Covent Garden. Second series. 12mo, pp. 305. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

POETRY.

Poems. By Sydney Dobell. 18mo (blue and gold), pp. 344. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

Poems. By the author of "A Life for a Life." "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. 12mo, pp. 270. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

Religious and Moral Sentences Culled from the Works of Shakespeare, Compared with Sacred Passages drawn from Holy Writ. From the English edition, with an Introduction by Frederic D. Huntington, D.D. 12mo, pp. 226. Boston: James Munroe & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Readings for Young Men, Merchants, and Men of Business. Reprinted from the London edition. 12mo, pp. 172. Boston: James Munroe & Co.

A Guide to the Knowledge of Life, Vegetable and Animal. Being a comprehensive Manual of Physiology, viewed in relation to the Maintenance of Health. By Robert James Mann, M.D. Revised and Corrected. New York: C. S. Francis & Co.

Victor Hugo's Letter on John Brown, with Mrs. Ann S. Stephens's Reply. 10 cents. New York: Irwin P. Beadle & Co.

ENGLISH.

RELIGIOUS.

The Court of Rome and the Gospel. Translated from the Italian of the Marquis Roberto d'Azeglio. With a Preface by A. H. Layard, D.C.L. London: John Murray.

The Practical Nature of the Theological Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg. By the Rev. Augustus Clissold. London: Longmans.

POETRY.

Lays of the Reformation, and other Lyrics, Scriptural and Miscellaneous. By Jane Crewdson, author of "The Singer of Eisenbach, Aunt Jane's Verses for Children, etc. 5s. London: Hatchard & Co.

NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

Fables and Fairy Tales. By Henry Morley. With 36 Illustrations by Charles Bennett. 8vo, 5s. London: Chapman & Hall.

Truth Answers best; or, Joan and Nicolette. By the author of Moravian Life in the Black Forest. 8vo, with an Illustration. London: Richard Bentley.

A Century of Fables, in verse. For the most part Paraphrased or Imitated from various Languages. By W. R. Kvans. 8vo, 2s. 6d. London: Robert Hardwicke.

Stephen Dugard; or, The Black Rock's Mouth: A Romance of the Highway. By Wm. Mudford, Esq., author of The Premier, Five Nights of St. Alban's, etc., etc. 2s. London: T. Hodgson.

MEDICAL.

Notes on Nursing: What it is, and What it is not. By Florence Nightingale. 2s. London: Harrison.

Essays in Medical Science. I. On the Nature of Inflammation. II. On the Encephalic Circulation, and its Relation to the Physiology of the Brain. By James Cappie, M.D., Edinburgh. 8vo, 3s. 6d. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ehea Hieposenta; or, The Diversions of Purley. By John Horne Tooke. With numerous Additions from the copy prepared by the author for republication. To which is annexed his Letter to John Dunning, Esq. Revised, and Corrected, with additional Notes, by Richard Taylor, F.S.A., F.L.S. 8vo, 10s 6d. London: William Tegg.

The Plays of W. Shakespeare, accurately printed from the text of the corrected copies left by the late George Stevens and Edmond Malone, with a Glossary. 8vo, 6s. London: William Tegg.

A Dictionary of English Etymology. By Hensleigh Wedgwood, M.A., late Fellow of Christ College, Cambridge. Vol. I. Embracing Letters A to D. 8vo, 14s. London: Trubner & Co.

Slavery and Freedom in the British West Indies. By Charles Buxton, M.A., M.P. 8vo, 2s 6d. London: Longman.

Flights of Phædo: A Singular Work on the Spirits of Peace and War. 1s. London: Wertheim & Co.

Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. Vol. XXIII., Part 2. Plates and Maps. 4to, sewed, 15s. London: Williams & Norgate.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK.

Essays by Lord Macaulay. (New Series.)

Russell's Diary in India.

Sir Robert Wilson's Russian Journal.

Old Friends and New Acquaintances.

Oliphant's Japan.

SHELDON & CO., NEW YORK.

The Gospel in Burmah. By Mrs. Wylie. 1 vol. 12mo, $1.

DERBY & JACKSON, NEW YORK.

Women of the South, Distinguished in Literature. Edited by a Southern Lady.

Personal Adventures and Observations on the West Coast of Africa. By Rev. Chas. W. Thomas, Chaplain U. S. N.

Wild Sports in the Southern States. By Chas. E. Whitehead, translator of Gerard, the Lion Killer. Illustrated.

Pioneers, Preachers, and People of the Mississippi. By Rev. W. H. Milburn, author of Ten Years of Preacher Life, etc.

History of English Literature. By Prof. Craik.

Loves and Heroines of the Poets. By R. H. Stoddard.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Macaulay's Biographical Essays. Selected from various sources. With Portrait and Life of author. 12mo.

Rosa; or, The Parisian Girl. From the French of Madame De Pressensee. By Mrs. J. C. Fletcher.

BROWN, TAGGARD & CHASE, BOSTON.

The Complete Works of Lord Bacon. In 12 volumes crown octavo. $1 50 per volume. From the latest London, and edited by Jas. Spedding, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge; Robert Leslie Ellis, M.A., Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; and Douglas Denor Heath, B.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The Complete Works of Sir Walter Scott. In 24 vols., 12mo. With his Life. By Lockhart.

T. & J. W. JOHNSON & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

Wharton's Digest of Pennsylvania Reports. Supplementary to the edition of 1852. By Henry Wharton, Esq.

Lindley on Partnership. A Treatise on the Law of Partnership. By Nathaniel Lindley, Esq.

Wrongs and their Remedies. By C. G. Addison.

Walford and Norman on the Law of Contracts.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending Saturday, Jan. 21, 1859.

Poems. By Sydney Dobell. 18mo, blue and gold. pp. 344. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

Tom Brown at Oxford. A Sequel to School-Days at Rugby. By Thomas Hughes, author of School-Days at Rugby, Scouring of the White Horse, etc. Part III. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

The Still Hour; or, Communion with God. By Austin Phelps, Professor in Andover Theological Seminary. 12mo, pp. 136. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1860.

Freaks of Fortune. A Merry Game for our Young Friends. With thirty-two illustrated cards. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1860.

Religious and Moral Sentences Culled from the Works of Shakespeare, compared with Sacred Passages drawn from Holy Writ. From the English edition. With an Introduction by Frederic D. Huntington, D.D. 12mo, pp. 226. Boston and Cambridge. 1859.

A Guide to the Knowledge of Life, Vegetable and Animal. Being a comprehensive Manual of Physiology, viewed in relation to the Maintenance of Health. By Robert James Mann, M.D. Revised and corrected. 12mo, pp. 417. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1860.

Hester, the Bride of the Islands. A Poem. By Sylvester B. Beckett. 12mo, pp. 326. Portland: Bailey & Noyes. 1860.

Readings for Young Men, Merchants, and Men of Business. Reprinted from the London edition. 12mo, pp. 172. James Munroe & Co. 1859.

Poems by Two Friends. 12mo, pp. 182. Columbus: Follett, Foster & Co. 1860. [For sale by all the New York booksellers.]

The Lectures of Lola Montez. With a full and complete Autobiography of her life, as well as her celebrated lectures on Beautiful Women, Gallantry, Comic Aspect of Love, Heroines of History, Wits and Women of Paris, Romanism, etc. 12mo, pp. 392. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

Poems. By the author of "A Life for a Life," "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. 12mo, pp. 270. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

Hymns for Children. Compiled and set to appropriate music. By the Rev. J. Freeman Young, an assistant minister of Trinity church, New York. Juvenile series. Part I. New York: Daniel Dana, Jr. 1860.

The Haunted House. By Charles Dickens, author of Pickwick Papers, etc. [Peterson's complete edition of Charles Dickens' Works.] 8vo, pp. 80. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 1860.

The Union. Being a Condemnation of Mr. Helper's scheme, with a Plan for the settlement of the "Irrepressible Conflict." By One who has considered both sides of the question. Pamphlet, pp. 32. New York: F. A. Brady. 1860.

The Great Tribulation; or, Things Coming on the Earth. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D., F.R.S.E., minister of the Scottish National Church, Crown Court, Covent Garden. Second series. 12mo, pp. 306. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 1860.

Hillgrove's Scholars' Companion and Ball-Room Guide, comprising a description of all the principle Dances, as they are now practised in New York; and also other popular dances now in vogue among the "haut-ton" of Europe. With hints and instructions respecting toilet, deportment, etc., etc. The whole forming not only a complete guide to the modern Ball-Room, but also rendering the tyro perfectly "au fait" with the etiquette of public and private assemblies. By Thomas Hillgrove, Teacher of Dancing, New York City. 16mo. 25 cents. 1858.

Diary of the American Revolution. From Original Papers and Documents. By Frank Moore. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 528-559. New York: Charles Scribner. 1860.

Victor Hugo's Letter on John Brown, with Mrs. Ann S. Stephens' Reply. Pamphlet, pp. 34. New York: Irwin P. Beadle & Co. 1860.

MUSIC.

The Withered Rose. Words by William Downing Evans. Music by J. R. Thomas. New York: William Hall & Sons. [One of Mr. Thomas's best efforts.]

Pretty Things Young Lovers Say, with chorus ad lib. Written by John Oxenford. Composed by William Vincent Wallace. New York: William Hall & Sons. [Very pretty little song.]

The Bell Ringer. Ballad sung by J. R. Thomas. Written by John Oxenford. Composed by William Vincent Wallace. New York: William Hall & Sons. [Will rank among our finest ballads.]

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Croyez Moi! Romance pour le Piano. By William Vincent Wallace. New York: William Hall & Sons.

Retrospection. (Ballad.) Words by Amelia. Music by J. R. Thomas. New York: William Hall & Sons.

Loving Hearts at Home. Written by C. O. Clayton. Composed by J. R. Thomas. New York: William Hall & Sons.

Simon the Cellarer, as sung by J. R. Thomas, also by Henri Drayton. Composed by J. L. Hutton. New York: William Hall & Sons.

Precieuse, Fantasie de Salon pour le Pianoforte sur des Melodies de l'Opera de Weber, par William Vincent Wallace. New York: William Hall & Sons.

The Fair Augusta Schottisch. By John Abbot. New York: William Hall & Sons. [A singular and pretty idea.]

The Wood-Bird Polka. By Francis H. Brown. New York: William Hall & Sons. [We say all we can of praise by stating it to be Mr. Brown's original style, reminding one somewhat of the popular "Pride Polka."]

Evangeline. Romance for the Pianoforte. By Joseph Sieboth. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

The Locust Grove Polka. By Henry Kleber. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

Jack Frost Polka. By George William Warren. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

Pet Robin Polka. By J. H. McNaughton. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

Peek-a-Boo Polka. By J. H. McNaughton. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

Danse Polonaise. By H. Kleber. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

Attila Galop. By A. W. Berg. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

Ettie Lancers. By Helmsmuler. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

Souvenirs Styriens. Impromptu pour Piano, par J. Ascher. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

L'Illusion. Souvenir et Reve pour Piano, par A. Croisez. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

Les Vepres Siciliennes. For the Piano, in three numbers, by Albert M. Berg. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

The Fair Enchantress. Barcarolle. Sung by Henry Squires. Adapted and arranged, with symphonies and accompaniment, by J. Gaspard Maeder. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

I'm Queen of the Village. Pastoral Ballad, as sung by Miss Mary Judd. Words and melody by an Amateur. Adapted and arranged by J. Gaspard Maeder. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

Sands of Dee. Poetry by Burns. Music by Albert W. Berg. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

The Wanderer's Evening Hymn. Words by F. B. Plumpton. Music by Christiane Kleber. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

Will You Live to Me, Nellie. Words by Ada Costar. Composed by Waldo Allen. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

Thou art Queen of my Song. Ballad. Written and composed by Stephen C. Foster. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

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Ocean Mail Steamer.—The European mail, by the steamship NEW YORK, for Liverpool, Saturday, January 21st, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

[From the *Press*, Philadelphia, October 7, 1859.]

Spalding's Prepared Glue.

To have a favorite piece of china chipped or broken, a pet book with its binding torn, a nice piece of furniture fractured, is a terrible and temper-destroying nuisance. Not without remedy, as we can testify. Mr. Spalding, who advertises his Prepared Glue in the *Press* to-day, sent us some of it yesterday. We devoted two hours to its practical application—result, two carved chairs completely restored, many odds and ends of china and glass made fit for use, a tattered map made as good as new, several daguerreotypes cases renovated, and an old folio edition of Herodotus and Homer, printed in the year 1600, whose antique boards (literally *boards*) were split, made strong enough to last for another century or two. We might have mended any quantity of children's broken toys, but cared in after an hour at the worst of them. This Prepared Glue, which is a liquid about as thick as glue, and applied by a brush which accompanies each bottle, is so indispensable in a house that we now wonder how we could have gone without it.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,
ROBERT W. PEARSALL, } Proprietors.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 21, 1860.

WAIFS FROM WASHINGTON.

VII.

Typ-orthography.

Your proof-reader, O Editor, persists in doing great violence to my feelings, and I call upon you to put a stop to it. Now I don't profess to know much, but I can spell a Dictionary through according to the best authorities and not miss once; and as for my knowledge of ancient and modern languages, all I have to say is that the few phrases I have got hold of have been carefully studied, so that I am always sure they are as apples of gold in pictures of silver, as the wise man hath it. You will never have me writing to you that a Convention has adjourned "sine qua non," or that it passed resolutions "unanimously crim. con."—No, I won't be caught tripping there.

Now—to go back to some of my earlier Waifs, I never spelled corollary with an *o* as your type said I did; nor did I accent the final *e* in *réprieve*, as ditto, ditto; nor did I ever write or say ut supra, as ditto—dear me, no, that precious ut-terance stood me in too good stead in my Greek parsing days for me ever to dishonor it by mis-spelling it. You see—shall I tell you?—my old Tutor learned his Latin grammar, rules and all, in Latin, whereby he was much edified and strengthened for the trials of life especially that greatest of all afflictions, the occupation of instructing young ideas how to fire, which he did as far as possible in the Latin tongue. Well, I never was death on Greek, particularly the verbs; and when it came to the beautiful and intelligent ramifications of, for instance, tetupha, tetuphe, tetupho, tetupholmi, tetuphain, tetuphon, to tell the truth, the Greek was death to me, and an irrepressible conflict between rattan and human hide not infrequently resulted. Charley Seymour was 'quite the reverse,' and took to the Greek like mother's milk. He would parse a verb as you, O Editor, would kiss a pretty girl, quite in the con amore style; and when, peradventure, a godsend of some forty-third cousin of the same verb came to my turn, I would go at it with a rush, would mouth it out pompously, would announce categorically that it was *ut supra*, which being interpreted meant *ut*, 'as,' *supra*, 'Charlie Seymour said,' and so this phrase was a mantle of charity which covered a multitude of sins of ignorance, and I remember the words gratefully and spell them right.

Nota bene, for young Greek readers. I stuck to my Greek which I didn't like, and never have amounted to much; Charley had sense enough to see that tetuphoimi wouldn't buy a cracker, and he cut it, went into the book-business, and made his fortune.

To return; I may as well make a clean breast of our typographical differences. In my last week's waif there was an absolute, undiluted pun—and from me! who am neither witty, nor funny, nor a joker. Oh, what montes parturient for the production of that little mus! And nobody got the good of it. What a loss to the Press!

Picture it—think of it it—type-setting Man!

Writing about Walt's Yawp, it occurred to me that it would be excessively facetious to refer to his musical skates, and you O Type-setter, thought I didn't know how to spell, and made it musical.

Ada Clare and I

Have been thinking about the same subjects lately, and I am quite proud to suppose there is any congeniality between so clever and witty and sweetly-strung a young lady and myself. Thus, I was going down the avenue the other day, and I saw a feminine person sailing—I'm sure she sailed—I'm willing to swear she had no El-e-gies,—sailing along with a train of velvet following her a few yards, at a respectful, but not respectable, distance behind. She evidently thought she was 'raking down the pile,' and I'm free to say *she was*. On that vasty expanse of velvet there had gathered small switches enough to flog a district school with, leaves enough to bed a pig in, and dust enough wherewithal to plant cabbages; whenever she came to a gutter, a little female follower lifted the velvet and then dropped it; but what that was for, I didn't see, for the wheelbarrow-load of débris was only rolled up together for a moment, and when the velvet was dropped, it spread all over again.

I was dazed—and, something unusual with me, began to think. Willis (wasn't it?) hit the nail on the head, when, a few years ago, he suggested, that as the only possible motive for adopting this style could be to display dry-goods, it would answer every purpose to have the dress made of proper, that is, decent length, and then to suspend, *a tergo*, an ornamental card from Stewart, say, certifying that the bearer had actually purchased the quantum suf. for a train, and that the extra yards were left at home.

Why not?

I will leave it to Ada Clare, who, I trust, is sane pur, and not another Belle Brittan humbug—think of a man, and a *colonel* at that, trying to express the sentiments, and analyze the feelings, and write the tender, misty, musical sentences of a *woman?*—I will leave it to Ada Clare to answer the question. What is the chief end of woman's dress? and she will admit that, æsthetically, it is to please the lords. Now, what pleases the lords most in a lady's dress? It is neither show, nor splendor, nor finery, nor fashion, nor anything else than *fitness*—which comprises grace, becomingness, and that prettiest of all things about a woman, sweetness. And—let me speak plainly, for Ada Clare has the ides, but is coy about speaking it out—inseparably connected with sweetness is tidiness—a plain, old-fashioned word, but oh, *so* meaningful. Now, who *can*, by any effort of the imagination, reconcile these ideas of feminine delicacy and immaculateness with the appearance of a dragging skirt? One sees a dirty pavé; one beholds a lady, magnificently dressed, passing over that pavé; one notices a clean swath, a well-defined aisle, marked with exact lines, along the pavé, but does not see any winrows of chips, scraps, sticks, papers, rags, peanut-shells, and orange-peels thrown up at the side. Everything *disappears!* O that they were left visible! O that the magnificent dress was guiltless of universal chiffonierism and the pettiest of all larcenies—stealing chips and rags from the poor! But on, on it sweeps—a travelling maëlstrom, a velvet vortex, worse than horse-leeches, which cry "give! give!" Ada Clare, what becomes of all that was visible, but *is not?* Who can penetrate the penetralia of the feminine concealments? Who can conceive the degraded and vile companionship by which the dear little tootsy-footsies are surrounded, as the offal of the streets clings lovingly to their arched insteps and well-turned ankles and ——. Well, I suppose there is no good purpose served by arguing with a woman—far less with the sex—but we lords have very queer thoughts, which you couldn't buy for a good many pennies, dear street-sweeping ladies, when we see what we see. Far better cut off the trains and leave less to our imaginations!

If Ada Clare is as good with the pencil as with the pen, wouldn't *she* sketch, and wouldn't you engrave and print, her ideal Bloomer? Let her, however, invent a new name—musical and winning as her own—and, at the start, divest her costume of the obnoxious and abominable ranting which one naturally associates with Bloomers.

Judging, however, from a picture in Harper's last, I fancy that the style is about to convert ladies from latitudinarianism to longitudinarianism. O dear! just as I thought Eugenie had decreed a respite to us miserable sinners, they go to work, and what they take out in breadth they make up in length.

This question of costume is exercising our Virginia neighbors vastly. How to dress without patronizing the North, is the question, to the solution of which Senators, Statesmen, and Tailors are devoting their intellects and their energies. The homespun fever is epidemic now, Senator Mason, of Virginia, having appeared in his Senatorial seat dressed in the becoming garb of a Pennsylvania wagoner. The ladies, too, never backward in changes, have been *doing* the homespun dodge bravely. That's all very nice with the "jemonitor at cicero," but when it goes up into the nineties, and the Saratoga season begins, wont homespun be at a discount? Of course those blooded Virginia belles are patriotic, and all that; but when it comes to homespun at the International, or United States, or Ocean House, why then, taste and commonsense will get the better of spasmodic patriotism. Maybe they'll stay at home!

Post scriptum.—Eureka! Here's a godsend to solve the dilemma:

A writer in the Richmond *Whig*, addressing the homespun-wearing ladies of Virginia, says:

"Allow me here to say, that I conscientiously believe the salvation of Virginia and Virginia institutions depends now mainly, if not wholly, upon the women of Virginia. Show to the North that you will clothe yourselves at home, and that, if need be, you will sooner resort to the primeval garments of fig-leaves, than purchase a farthing's worth from a Northern house, or from the merchant of Richmond who does so purchase."

That's the idea. Show it to the North by all means, women of Virginia! Display your patriotism, even if for the purpose you have to resort to the primeval garments of fig-leaves. I didn't think of the fig-leaves. They are cool, graceful, and economical. A fig-leaf garment—but whether to be worn Eve-fashion, squaw-fashion, or Turk-fashion, we are not enlightened—with a tobacco-leaf fan, a cotton-leaf parasol, and a magnolia-leaf sandal, with a bursting cotton-boll for a mouchoir, will be carrying out the patriotic notion quite effectively; and wont there be a stampede for the Virginia girls?

So much from me, at this writing, on the subject of Mantalini-ism. It can be better treated by the pencil than with the pen.

Spread-Eagleism in France.

As I have dipped into the scissors-business once before in this letter, I take leave to ask you to give a pretty setting to this extract from "Malakoff's" letter to the New York *Times:*

An American citizen was lately notified by the French military authorities, that he must attend on a certain day at the office of the Prefect of the department in which he lived, to draw in the conscription for seven years' military service. He naturally resisted the demand, and was arrested and carried before a military tribunal on the grave charges of resistance to and contempt of the law. Marshal Maynau was present in the Court when the case came up. M. Roussel, a Parisian lawyer, employed by the refractory American, commenced his speech thus:

"Gentlemen! you have committed a most grave error in arresting my client. He is not only a citizen, but was born a citizen of the Government which, of all others, prosecute with the most energy and the most jealousy its subjects, whether in Europe or elsewhere, whether they be full or only partial subjects. I warn you, also, that of all the legations of the United States in Europe, that of Paris is the most sensitive to the rights of its people."

There is much that is refreshing and consolatory, not to say startling, in the discoveries of M. Roussel. First, as our laws require a native-born person to attain the age of twenty-one years before becoming a citizen—Irishmen and Dutchmen, being of more rapid intellectual development, and therefore better qualified for the responsibilities of self-government, only waiting a few months, sometimes a few hours, for the same privilege—it appears that the political phenomenon who favored M. Roussel with the defence of his case, was, by some unparalleled biological anomaly, born a ready-made citizen, and a citizen of a Government, too! Whereby it is to be apprehended that said citizen will some day claim a birthright preemption to the Presidency.

Hear—"A Government which of all others protects with the most energy and the most jealousy its subjects (whoever *they* are), whether in Europe or elsewhere, whether they be full or only partial subjects." Now that proves that Roussel, avocat, is not posted. Likewise that he's gullible. The President of these United States ought to know, and he says he has no power to do that very thing, and he asks Congress to give it to him, and Congress says, "If it's all the same to you, we'd rather not." Well, it is all the same to *him*, but the case is rather different with the Ormond Chases and Doctor Duvals, who, in Mexico and other friendly countries, are shot like mad dogs at the instigation of a monte-playing, shovel-hatted priest, or of a bloodthirsty military chief! "O, 'tis true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true,"—*pity*, no, shame, burning, disgraceful shame, that so far as protection abroad goes, no man has any reason to say, as Daniel Webster said at Bunker Hill, "Thank God! I too, am an American citizen," that is, unless he is so fortunate as to be a Dutch or an Irish citizen, and then it may be a little worth while to bring broadside to bear and to make a row in his behalf.

No. Somebody, and from the last clause of the extract, I suspect the Legation at Paris did it, humbugged Roussel, avocat; *subjects* of the United States abroad, stand no chance of protection, unless their own 'red right hand' furnishes it, or unless they are *partial*, as Roussel puts it—*inchoate* (no relations of the late New Englander referred to), as the luminous writers on naturalization more formidably express it.

One of those writers is the venerable Premier, who gave, O, what a love of a levee Tuesday night, about which tell your Ada Clares I have a letter on the stocks for my next Waif. Until when I am (to the Ada Clares) Respectively, UNOS.

Feline.

Jo Cose is confident that his cat can eat a whole mouse, and therefore thinks it sheer impertinence to doubt that she can eat a mouse hole.

Simpson's Game.

Pawn and move.

A Heresy.

Jo Cose says that the effect of certain college-honors is to make a man

Small by degrees, and beautifully less.

Marital.

Mr. Lester Wallack wishes it to be understood, that he has not been playing the husband to orders, but only "A Husband to Order."

Thoughts and Things.

BY ADA CLARE.

"Sir Rohan's Ghost," by Miss Prescott, is a book that almost disconcerts one by its brilliant originality. The Press gives us so many inanities, so many literary platitudes, that our minds are almost unprepared to face such dazzling books as this one. Who is Miss Prescott, is a question that every American story-writer can afford to ask with anxiety. It is astonishing how Nature elects some upon which to stamp her seal of 'finished,' ere they have worked, while others must toil and struggle weary year upon year to acquire the ability which they were born with. This young, and I am told beautiful lady, seems to be equally acquainted with all the fine arts, that is, as far as my poor judgment can determine, for I am not a judge of anything but laces and French bonnets.

I am awaiting the developments of her story, the "Amber Gods," with some agitation, chiefly because I am cherishing a tender, let us hope not fatal passion, for its hero, which is the cause of that melancholy and lorn state of mind into which my friends have remarked that I have fallen lately. If some North-river fishing-man draw up in his net, so that it be broken with the weight thereof, a wet and lifeless female form, with white, distorted face and tangled hair, whose fingers must yield to the embrace of the surgeon's knife ere the *Atlantic Monthly* can be unlocked from her grasp, let no coroner's inquest cavil over her. What do those dreadful beings know of the *all-devouring?* Lay her nameless in the earth; and O, ye readers of *Thoughts and Things*, drop a tear upon this column which shall ever more be mute. Then let a mandate go forth that all heroes of romance be the fashionable fictitious hero, of the pompous, church-going, temperance society order. Let the elderly family-physician, that frizzled perfection of respectability, fat and consistent, asthmatic and deeply religious, have the lovely Medora. Let him who gave her calomel when she was a confiding infant, and in whose presence her mother never dared to sit alone, take off the lovely creature—the moral of the story demands it. Let Miss Prescott beware how she introduces as heroes into her romances, those ravishing darlings of reality, whom men must always sneer at, and women ever adore, since in loving these only, can she learn the vast and self-sustaining resources of her own deep heart.

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"Misrepresentation," by Mrs. Drury, is a powerful novel, its construction is always dramatic, and s

☞ All communications relating to theatrical or musical matters should be addressed to "Personne, Dramatic Editor of THE SATURDAY PRESS."

Dramatic Feuilleton.

The Circus from the Coulisses.

"If there is anything I love," remarked the Brightest and Best in a moment of weakness, "it is olives. I *like* you," she kindly continued, "but I *love* olives." That is the æsthetic distinction between my passion for the theatres and the circus. The theatres furnish the solid everyday dinner, the potaufeu, the roti, and the mince-pie (or Aldrich); but the circus is the Roman punch, which according to Wikoff (and I should like to find a better authority on the dinner-question), refreshes the palate and quickens the almost jaded appetite.

I can't express to you, O Effendi, the joy that I felt when I read in the daily papers that Cook's Circus was going to be opened at Mr. Niblo's Garden, which has brought forth in its day some rare specimens of horticulture.

Cook is from Astley's Amphitheatre, London. Cook's father had either been here or seen a man who knew a mother man who was interested in the circus-business—I beg pardon, equestrian profession—ever so long ago, about the time of the great fire, before Anna Maria was born, and when her Ma was just a mere child. Cook published a card, in which he said something nice about his Governor, and likewise informed an anxious and an expectant public that he had brought over all his traps from Albion's chalky cliffs "in several successive steamers," and happily without damage, either to the steamers or the traps.

Bien! We shall go to this tremendous affair. Anna Maria is to get herself in marching-order in good season, for between the tickets they really sell, and those they give away to get up enthusiasm, the first night of the Circus is always a jam. We were, however, a little late, the Dear Child not being able to make up her mind exactly what to wear. If her pa could be deluged to such a state of abject destitution as not to allow her over a thousand dollars per annum for her dry-goods, I should be delighted.]

When we arrived at Mr. Niblo's Garden, the admirers of that very popular, entertaining, and elegant young man, and the adherents of the Circus proper and improper, had filled every part of the building with what the reporters of the Union-meetings call "a dense and solid mass of humanity."

We had orchestra-places, but between us and the fiddle-bow of the illustrious Cooke (F. Y. of the Flirt-harmonic) there was an impassable wall of butchers and arrangements of that sort, from before which I shrunk aghast.

Now A. M. has been tenderly reared; her Ma has often assured me that she never thought she would succeed in bringing her up; and in one sense she was quite right, as it is Ma whom the Brightest and Best has brought up, instead of being brought up by her.

[What does the philologist of the *Evening Post* think of that sentence?]

About A. M., however, I have noticed two things. At parties she out-Germans the strongest dancers uptown, she is powerful on chicken-salad and green-seal, and when there is a question of any kind of a show or lark on hand she can go through anything. So she might have managed the butchers; but I happily lighted upon a friend of mine who is a "Cricket" for one of the great dailies. Apart from his avocation, he is quite a respectable person, and I have met him here and there at good houses. I do not always agree with him in matters of art. In point of fact I quite agree with the artists whom he does not praise, and the litterateurs who want his place, when they say he is not a good "Cricket," and ought to be crushed out peremptorily.

However, he was very useful to us on this occasion, and induced Mr. Nixon, whom A. M. thinks a very nice person, to give us chairs in the coulisses.

At the circus the coulisses are very good places, because the scenes are never changed, and you can see the whole of the Ring before you; while behind and all about, there are the performers divested of their spangles and things, and walking and talking just like ordinary people—you and me for example. Then you can talk and laugh as much as you please, and for a first night they always have refreshments wherewith the "Crickets" are subsidized.

So we saw the circus from the coulisses. Men came and offered their devoirs to A. M. just the same as if she had been in Pa's box at the Academy; the Queens of the Arena fell in love with her bonnet; and she is nearly dead from an irrepressible affection which she took for a pony.

I am just reminded of a horrid conventionality which was introduced into journalism during the dark ages, and which cannot exist under the sunlight of progress and reform. Some people, however, still cling to the absurd idea that when a man commences to write about a special subject, he ought to adhere to it, and not sail off into the quagmires of digression.

These old fogies may expect a description of the circus-performances at my hands. I only wish they may get it, that's all.

A few words, however.

My first and last love in the circus is the Clown. I am naturally of a saturnine, melancholy, atra-bilious temperament, and the Clown's jokes are generally so awfully bad that I take a sardonic pleasure in bearing them. Then I enjoy overmuch the dialogues between the Riding Master and Mr. Merryman. It is not always a clever man who makes you laugh most. The hero of the two bottles of Chartreuse to finish a dinner with, was one of the funniest men I ever knew, and never intentionally made a joke or anything like one in his life.

So I looked sharply after this Clown. I had had a canon of criticism laid down for me by a fair writer, who, with the acute perception and wonderful analytical power for which the sex hath in all ages been distinguished, has discovered that the main merit in a comedy is to have it comic. Putting that with Awful Jefferson's mot, that it's no joke to write a comedy, and so it's very difficult to find any jokes in one, I watched the clown.

Who could tell? Perhaps I might get something from him for the Feuilleton.

But no, he wasn't comic, and had a black moustache. So the evil communications of light comedians corrupt the good manners even of clowns.

I soon tired of the Clown. What else have we? Ponies, pretty and well trained. The same thing has been done better. A boy named Barclay, who rides a "dashing pony act." A. M. declares that he is immense, and wants to steal him. Extraordinary gymnastic feats by two brothers of the name of Hanlon. One of them has a sort of cage up at the top of the proscenium; he goes to it by an immense bell-pull, and after doing all sorts of extraordinary things, forty feet above the Ring, makes a leap of at least twenty feet over to another bell-pull, and then descends, to the relief of everybody. Then they do some wonderful things together, these brothers. I wonder if they carry it out in real life. I should not like to have my brother standing on my head while I was dining, it seems to me. But I suppose one gets accustomed to all these things, after a while.

Meanwhile, the Chevalier de Gant-Rouge goes every night with the view of seeing Thor as Hanlan break his neck.

As for the horses and the riders, we have first a "brilliant equestrienne, Mlle. Ella Zoyara, who is "pronounced by her profession, even her rivals (!), to "be the most accomplished, daring, and fascinating "rider that ever appeared in the arena." This Gorgeous Creature, having fascinated all the princes and nobility of Europe, including F. Joseph, at Vienna, and V. Emmanuel, at Turin, has come over here to conquer the Western world.

Mlle. Ella is not beautiful. Mlle. Ella has a frame more like that of a man than a woman. Mlle. Ella has high cheek-bones, and is generally muscular. I shouldn't like to have any violent personal difference with Mlle. Ella. She rides well, but takes up an immense deal of valuable time in doing nothing particular, "waiting," as a friend of mine from the Bowery remarked, "for her second wind." Robinson, the leading male rider, is very good; he rides after the fashion of Eaton Stone, and Melville.

The circus itself is a very nice, clean, bright affair, the attendants being adorned with fresh liveries and real top boots.

The Brightest and Best, whom I have long suspected of a weakness for a passed-midshipman in the Navy, objects to their turning somersets and leaping horses over the star-spangled banner, which is represented as large as life on the flags used in the Ring. The budding patriot was quite violent for a moment, but yielded to the blandishments of marrons glacés, forgetting alike the mariner and the flag he has been commissioned to defend.

On the whole I advise everybody to do the circus at least once. It is nicer than the theatre, because if you get bored you can go away and cut a piece out of the programme without its ever being missed.

Faits Divers.

The *Octoroon* goes home this week, and her place at the Winter Garden will be filled by a young lady from Venice, by name *Lesbia*, a protegée of Matilda Heron. There is a good deal of talk about the new play which will have a full house the first night. Mr. Wallack, jeune, and G. Jordan, are 'into it,' as well as Heron.

Mrs. John Wood has returned to town from Canada. She will play in Boston next month, and afterwards at the W. G.

"Standing Room Only," is the invariable sign in front of Laura Keene's Theatre now-of-nights. Bourcicault is making a fine thing of Sir W. Scott, and Miss Keene is in receipt of a sufficient nightly sum to keep her from actual starvation. One thing I am going to suggest to V. R., Queen of Great Britain, etc., etc., and that is that she ought to do something nice to Miss Deland, who makes V. R.'s ancestress, G. R. No. 2's Queen, infinitely handsomer than she really was. Will the British Consul attend to this, or shall I have to send directly to Pam?

They have adopted my suggestion in Boston about Adelina Patti, and gone 'e'enamost crazy' about the linnet of Twenty-second street. She made a great hit in the *Barber of Seville*, on Tuesday, when no places could be had at night for love nor money. She will sing this opera and the *Elisir d'Amore*, with others, in this city next month.

The Octoroon draws very well at the Howard Athenæum, Boston. On the first night, some rabid Unionsavers, probably in the shoe-trade, hissed the allusion to Mason & Dixon's line (almost the only epigram in the play), and the slave-sale, which *is a* little tough from a Milk street point of view.

The Webb sisters have opened the Wood Minstrel Hall, in Broadway, as a theatre. It is called by the nonsensical name of the Broadway Boudoir. The sisters are clever, but coarse and provincial. The younger divinity is quite pretty, and I have high crinoline-authority for saying that she has the prettiest neck in the world.

Nothing new yet at Wallack's. Do, Mr. Lester Wallack, hurry up your *Poor Young Man*. He has had time enough to get old, grey, rich, and gouty, since you have been at work upon him.

Personne.

A Cross-Question.

Crossing-sweepers who get no answer when they ask alms, are requested to state how often "silence gives assent" (a cent.)

Cry of Dr. Cheever's Church.

To alms! To alms!

Latest Southern Advices.

None of your business.

Boarding-House Motto.

No thorough fare.

Against the Rules.

In matching the Scotch and English fillies now running in the Heart of Mid Lothian, the proposition of Wait for Age, was peremptorily scouted by both parties.

Fair Exchange.

A correspondent suggests that if Dr. Cheever wishes to set his congregation an example of his indifference to color, he can do so by exchanging pulpits with the Rev. Dr. Garnett, of the Shiloh Church.

Name for Dr. Cheever's Church.

Church of the Colored-Pew-ritans.

Eleemosynary.

Charity covers a multitude of shins.

Description of a Prodigal Son.

A nipping and an eager heir.

Cosmopolitan Art Association.

We are requested to announce that the award of premiums by the Cosmopolitan Art Association to its subscribers, will take place on Tuesday, the 31st inst.

Un-speaker-ble Nuisance.

The state of things at Washington.

A Dissolute Set.

The Disunionists.

Cruel.

Louisa Anna calling upon her strong-minded sisters, Miss Virginia, the Misses Carolina, Miss Souri, Miss Isipi, Mary Land, Allie Bama, etc., to take measures for the dissolution of the Union.

National Anti-Colonel-ization Society.

A Society under the above name is about to be formed with the laudable object of preventing the further increase of colonels in the South and West.

New Version of an Old Verse.

Man wants but little ear below,
Nor wants that little long.

The Right Man in the Wrong Place.

Douglass (Steve or Fred according to your political color.)

Good Place for Converts.

New Zeal-and.

At Pfaff's.

In spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One thing is sure, whoever is is tight.

— Under the head of "Contents of Magazines" the reader will find the names of the authors of the principal articles in the February numbers of the *Atlantic*, *Harper's Monthly*, and the *Knickerbocker*.

— Hawthorne's new romance is announced in London.

The Messrs. Harper have made arrangements with Thackeray, by which they are to receive the Monthly Parts of his new novel, "Lovel the Widower," in advance of its publication in England. The first instalment will appear in the February number of the Magazine. The tale will comprise about eight parts, one of which, with the original illustrations, will be published in each successive number.

Contents of Magazines.

Harper's New Monthly Magazine for February contains: Coos and the Magalloway, by Joseph C Abbott, Illustrated; Ode on the Birthday of Charles Wesley, by William Ross Wallace; Holidays in Costa Rica—III. San Jose to Cartago, by Thomas Francis Meagher, Illustrated; A Picture, by Rose Terry; Coins and Coinage, by Wm. C. Prime, Illustrated; Captain Gaylord's Will, by Ruth Harper; Carlsbad on Crutches, by Harry Gringo, concluded; Washington, by John Savage; Relics of General Chasse, A Tale of Antwerp, by Anthony Trollope; The Arabs in Spain, by Prof. J. W. Draper; Little Brothers, Part I., by Fitz Hugh Ludlow; Lovel the Widower, by W. M. Thackeray—Chapter I., The Bachelor of Beak street, Illustrated; Mother of Pearl, by Fitz James O'Brien; Monthly Record of Current Events; Literary Notices; Editor's Table; Editor's Easy Chair; Our Foreign Bureau; Editor's Drawer; Master Charley in the Snow, Illustrated; Fashions for February, Illustrated.

The Atlantic Monthly for February contains: Counting and Measuring; My Last Love; A Shetland Shawl; Roba di Roma, by W. W. Story; Amber Gods (concluded), by Harriet E. Prescott; The Poet's Friends, by W. D. Howells; The Memorial of A. B., or Matilda Muffin, by Rose Terry; Some Account of a Visionary, by Marian James, London; The Truce of Piscataqua, by J. G. Whittier; The Maroons of Jamaica, by T. W. Higginson; The Professor's Story, by C. C. Hazewell; Mexico; Reviews and Literary Notices; Recent American Publications.

The Knickerbocker for February contains: Sleepy Hollow Illustrated, by T. Addison Richards; Circassia and the Circassians, by John P. Brown, Esq., Constantinople; Stanzas—'Nepenthe'; My First Night in London; A Memory of the late William T. Porter, by R. S. Chilton; Humboldt at a Court-Pageant in Berlin, by Hon. J. W. Wall; A Winter Hymn; Life Among the Kaffirs; Stanzas—'In Memoriam'; Behind the Scenes; Lines—'Infelicimus'; The Parson, by George H Clark; A Day in the Dead Letter Office, by Francis Copcutt; Stanzas—'To Anna'; The Plough and the Pen; Mountains—The 'Hills of Mortality'; The Rescue of Guenevère; Literary Notices; Editor's Table.

Bentley's Miscellany for January contains: Ovingdean Grange, A Tale of the South Downs, by W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq., Part III.: Before the Curtain; The Haunted House near Hampstead, A Story for the New Year, by Dudley Costello; "Un Père Prodigue"; A German in London; King Year, by Frederick Enoch; Rose's Diaries and Correspondence; A Summer Dream, by Walter Thornbury; Caliban, by Monkshood; Silver Chimes and Golden Fetters, or How the Old Year Went Out and the New Year Came In, by Ouida, in five chapters.

The Dublin University Magazine for January, will contain with other articles: The first part of a New Tale, entitled "Vonved the Dane, Count of Elsinore"; An article "On the Improbability of War with France," from Our Paris Correspondent; "The Old and the New Year," or "Quakers Afloat and Ashore," being No. 10 of "The Season Ticket"—a series of humorous sketches; Part VII. of "Artist and Craftsman"; "Our Foreign Courier," No. IX.; "W. M. Thackeray," Part the Second.

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine for January contains: Morocco; East Lynne, by the Author of "Ashley,"—Chap. I. The Lady Isabel—Chap. II. The Broken Cross—Chap. III. Barbara Hare; 1860, by Nicholas Michell; Lord North, by Sir Nathaniel; The night before the Duel, a Tale of the South American War of Independence, by Mrs. Bushby; Society of Arts Prize Essay; Wind-Sown Flowers, by W. Charles Kent; Central America and the West Indies; Mediæval Demonology; A Holiday Tour in Spain, by a Physician; After the Wreck, by Francis Hingeston, M.A.; The Mysteries of the Desert; The Channel Fleet.

The Cornhill Magazine for January contains: Framley Parsonage. Chap. I., II., and III.; The Chinese and the "Outer Barbarians"; Lovel, the Widower. Chap. I.; Studies in Animal Life; Father Prout's Inaugurative Ode to the Author of "Vanity Fair"; Our Volunteers; A Man of Letters of the Last Generation; The Search for Sir J. Franklin (from the Private Journal of an Officer of the "Fox"); The First Morning of 1860; Roundabout Papers, No. I.

Macmillan's Magazine for January contains: The Writings of Louis Napoleon, by the Editor; Tom Brown at Oxford, by the Author of "Tom Brown's School Days,"—Chap VII. An Explosion—Chap. VIII. Hardy's History—Chap. IX. A Brown Bait; Sea Dreams, an Idyll, by Alfred Tennyson; The late Dr. George Wilson, by Rev. John Cairns, D.D.; American Humorous Poetry, by F. G. Stephens; On the Subject of Clothes, by the Author of "John Halifax," "A Life for a Life," &c.; Scientific Hoaxes; Whewell's Platonic Dialogues for English Readers; Morocco and Northern Africa, a Sketch of their History, by the Rev. J. W. Blakesley.

Fraser's Magazine for January contains: Concerning Disappointment and Success, by A. K. H. B.; British Novelists—Richardson, Miss Austen, Scott; Essay towards a Solution of the Gold Question, by Professor J. E. Cairnes, Second Paper; The Shakespearian Discovery; Holmby House, by G. J. Whyte Melville, Author of "Digby Grand,"—Part XIII.; Conversations with Prince Metternich, by Major Noel; Memoirs of Shelley, by T. L. Peacock, Second Paper; Two Life-Stories, by J. E. Jackson; Wheat and Tares, a Tale,—Part I.; The Literary Suburb of the Eighteenth Century, No. I.; Egypt and the Sues Canal.

The Westminster Review for January contains: Government Contracts; The Realities of Paris; Ceylon; The Social Organism; Sicily as it Was and Is; Christian Revivals; Italy—the Designs of Louis Napoleon; Contemporary Literature.

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COOS AND THE MAGALLOWAY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Valley of the Androscoggin.—Come to see the Circus.—Owner of a Meadow Farm.—Good-bye to Lancaster.—Dixville Notch.—Going up the Androscoggin.—Settlement on the Magalloway.—In Camp.—The Carry.—Lamberman's Camp.—Parmachenee Lake.—On Camel's Rump.—Camp on Camel's Rump.—In Three Dominions.—Civilization.

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THE ARABS IN SPAIN.

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ILLUSTRATIONS.—Home or Promenade Dress.—Closed Sleeve.—Fichu.—Under-Sleeve.—Collar.—Dress Cap.

The Publishers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE have the pleasure to announce that they have made arrangements with the Author, by which they are to receive the Monthly Parts of THACKERAY'S New Novel, "Lovel the Widower," in advance of its publication in England. The First Part appears in the present Number of the Magazine. The Tale will comprise about Eight Parts, one of which, with the original Illustrations, will be published in each successive Number.

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A VOICE FROM THE LOST.

Once the hills were crowned as kings of morning,
Youth was flowing in a crystal stream,
And the flowers of faith the banks adorning,
Drifted with me like an Eden dream.
Far on high, through joy's untroubled places,
Sang I merry songs to life's great sea,
And the nights but showed me starry faces,
Lovers happy from eternity.

But I gave that Past with all the Heaven
Of its hearts for love I bore to *him*,
He who kissed, then left me to be driven
Where the sharks of crime expectant swim.
From that day I hear my mother calling
Faintly through the jasmine-shaded door;
On her face the golden rain is falling,
There I see her shining evermore!

O! the music of those rosy hours,
When *his* heart was beating close to mine,
All the days we walked through myrtle bowers,
Where the sweetest orange-blossoms twine!
But the Summer faded, and he left me
Withered flowers and an icy sky,
To the Winter's cruel kisses, left me
In a garret with my babe to die!

In the freezing moonbeams I was clinging
To my smiling babe's unheeding clasp,
Hoping that the morn was swiftly bringing
My release from life's relentless grasp.
Hope was dead, I found, as light was breaking,
For a corpse upon my bosom lay,—
God had led the babe, without awaking,
Out of night, to His eternal Day!

Listen! how the bells are wildly ringing
Through the driving tempest's moaning gloom;
And the great cathedral-choir is singing
Happy hymns that mock my silent doom!
All my years are dark and old with sinning,
New years never flush my sky with light;
Thirst, and coldest want, and death beginning,
Lead my bleeding feet through endless night.

Maidens far within the sanctuary,
Over whom the clouds of incense sweep,
Tell me, do you think the sainted Mary
Sees the jewelled shames your bosoms keep?
Narrow souls like yours can hold no passion,
All your thoughts are stamped with Custom's mould;
Whitest sins you do to suit the fashion,
And you buy forgiveness with your gold!

See before the gleaming altar kneeling,
Sneering crimes in fair Religion's dress,
Priests whose lives to God's fierce wrath appealing,
Walk the earth in masks of holiness.
Men draw back from me with looks of loathing,
Like a tainting pestilence I go;
For the badge of wrong is ragged clothing,
And they see it through the falling snow.

God will right Creation at its ending,
When these palace-tombs shall fall to dust,
Into darkest graves of sorrow sending*
Resurrection-beams of spirit-trust.
Death has come! the gates of the Hereafter
Glimmer redly through the trembling air!
Hark! who shriek around me horrid laughter?
Fiery fingers braid my tangled hair!

God of mercy, I expect no pity!
I must sink beneath thy vengeance-glare,
But I shall not miss thy shining city
If *his soul*, my Clarence, be not there!
I forgave him, Thou hast not forgiven;
Grant me what my dying moments pray:
Let his guilty soul and mine, unshriven,
Close together meet thy Judgment Day!

EASTBURN BENJAMIN.

January, 1860.

For the Saturday Press.

THE HOUSE.

There is no art in the world so well named as the art which is thought to be the only art proper for the study of females—Housekeeping. Driven down to this one employment, woman has exhausted all her efforts on its faithful accomplishment, and has become, in consequence, nothing more, nothing less, than a Housekeeper.

By the constant attention of its keeper, the House itself has become so exalted, that we might almost ask with propriety if it has a soul, and if it is supplied with delicate nerves, that like telegraph wires carry messages of the approach of disease to its brain—the Housekeeper.

The little boys in the nursery dare not amuse themselves with their balls, lest they disarrange the clothing of its windows. The little girls pass stealthily by its parlor, their shoes are too dusty to tread on its best coat.

Gentlemen consent to pay large school-bills for the imprisonment of their children, that their wives may the more assiduously guard it from injury.

All that belongs to the House becomes holy in the eyes of its mistress. The young artist is severely punished if he displays the germ of a godlike talent on its rosewood tables; and the glorious sun, who comes with the morning to bless us, and strengthen us for the duties of the day, is forbidden to enter, lest he steal the rainbow-hues from its tapestried walls. The little mechanic, without knife or stick, envies Robinson Crusoe his liberty, and grows pale and diseased, while his mother is polishing and adorning the mere-case which encloses him.

Does a chair or table become warped and crooked, watchful woman, ever on the scent, discovers the imperfection; but her poor boy may become warped and crooked, both in body and mind, and she is blind to the fact; or if she does occasionally perceive the defect, she does not trouble herself to study the cause.

She frequently reprimands her maid, for marring the fine polish of her mirrors, but she takes no note of the lack-lustre eyes that are reflected from them, or of the inefficiency of those whom she employs to polish the minds of her children, and who through ignorance, or carelessness, constantly mar the beautiful handiwork of nature.

Why does man continue to assert that the only sphere proper for the development of a woman's mind is enclosed by four walls of brick and mortar, and take for himself the wide world for his pleasure and his profit? Why does he call this little box a home? Will not this home become stagnant, and generate unhealthy vapors in the mind, unless its occupants, female as well as male, go forth into the world to gather flowers for its adornment; and unless the old thoughts and old customs, as well as the old chairs and old tables, decayed and useless, be driven out to make room for the new and the fresh.

Can our homes, any more than our bodies, continue constantly in one place without becoming torpid and unhealthy?

Home is where our friends are. Home is anywhere among humanity. Home is here to-day if we feel friendly towards one another; and if our virtue is not silver-gilt, we may wander, abroad without being in danger of losing our purity, even if we come in contact with those who are stained with the blackest crime.

Let us go forth occasionally, and leave the little box kindly prepared for us, that we may gather a few thoughts, and learn how to make our houses accommodate themselves to the wants of their inmates.

If our House is built for the comfort of a few invalids, whose bodies are past repair, it is very well for us to continue to fit it up with all the appliances of a hospital; but this will not meet the wants of little children who are taught by nature to run, jump, climb, construct, destroy, and reconstruct out of the old fragments; and no house is a home that does not meet the wants of all its inmates.

No true woman ever took pleasure in the gaudy colors of a carpet, or the fine polish of a cabinet, while her children lacked the rosy hue of health.

Painting and sculpture are beautiful to behold in a palace, but more beautiful far are the whitewashed walls of a cottage whose only frescoes are the shadows of finely formed children.

The reason why we have not time to do that which we ought to do, is that we constantly do that which we ought not to do; and as long as we do that which we ought not to do, we must expect to be sick, unhappy, and immoral.

It is a wasted moment that is spent in knitting tidies to preserve dumb chairs, while a little girl's feet are becoming deformed by cruel fashion. It is a wasted moment that is employed in closing windows to keep the dust out of some orderly chamber, when half a dozen lungs are decaying for want of fresh air.

The time was when a House was a place for shelter from storm, a place for protection, a thing needed for our use: now, we live to take care of the House, to guard it, and to dress it; and we often tuck our children into the smallest possible compass, in some out-of-the-way room called a nursery, where, huddled together under an overseer whose good qualities depend on her power to keep them in this small domain, they look like plants kept in a cellar.

Now, if the House could take the place of the children, and coming to years of discretion, could go forth among men, doing good,—at Washington, and other places, where distinguished and *good* men go,—or lecture on monuments,—or tell from the pulpit of the "good time coming,"—there would be no objections to its being the first and only care of a woman; but in spite of our ceaseless efforts, this House must grow old, get out of fashion, and decay, and leave to the future nothing but a heap of rubbish to say, "I once lived,"—even though we work like the little nerita, who, to adorn her home, stains with her own blood the pearly portals of her palace.

ALICE GILL.

THE DEATH OF LORD MACAULAY.

Literature, Past and Present.

The announcement of the death of Lord Macaulay will be received with infinite regret wheresoever the English language is spoken. The demise of the most eminent of the essayists and historians of the present generation (some account of which and a sketch of his life will be found in another part of this journal) reminds us most forcibly that the race of intellectual giants is fast passing away from the face of the earth, and that there remain, with here and there an exception, nothing but pigmies. Macaulay belonged to the old school of literary men. He was in his day and generation what Dr. Johnson was seventy years ago, with the difference that the former had all the learning, all the critical power, a more nervous and perspicuous style, and none of the pomposity and ponderosity of the latter.

The passing away of such writers as Macaulay, Hallam, Irving, and Prescott marks the decadence of solid English literature in a most definite, and, we may add, in a most unwelcome manner. That this epoch hath had its parallels in times gone by is quite true. Polite literature in the mother country may be said to have begun with Chaucer, but the soil was not fruitful at that early period. Until the days of Massinger, Otway, Prior, rare Ben Jonson, sweet Will Shakespeare, and glorious John Milton, English literature could not be called classic. Even then, in the Elizabethan era, it was marred by much that was gross and obscene—much that pandered to the worst appetites of the privileged classes. The tone of *belles lettres* became still lower under the Stuarts; and the otherwise delightful lyrics written by the favorites of a court which copied very strictly the vices, and imitated very clumsily the elegancies, of Versailles, are very properly tabooed at the present day, on account of the gross indecency which befouls them. Under Queen Anne and the Georges, literature progressed apace, although the old taint disfigures the humor of Fielding, degrades the subtle characterization of Smollett, and not unfrequently dulls the caustic wit of the Dean of St. Patrick's. It hath been reserved for the English writers since the accession of the fourth George to prove that obscenity is not wit; that indecency is not humor; that wholesale abuse is not satire; that the application of vulgar epithets is not invective; that a pure, elegant, and effective style may be attained without pedantry or affectation; and that, whether in the well-gleaned fields of history, romance, poetry, or the drama, the highest meed of success must be inevitably awarded to the writer who joins to his intellectual gifts a pure and lofty moral tone.

The position of the successful literary man to-day is something to be proud of. Dr. Johnson rides in his own coach; there is as much money for Dick Steele as he can well manage to spend; Oliver Goldsmith's copyrights no longer go for a song. How all these worthies would stare, could they see the sums paid to men who in the old times would not be thought worthy to loose the latchet of an author's shoes, provided he had any!

But although there is now an extended demand for literature of a high class, and splendid rewards for the favorite authors, we find the supply growing small by degrees and disagreeably less. Giving the first laurels in English literature to Bulwer, Alison, and Tennyson, in their several specialities, and in our own country acknowledging the enduring works of Everett, Motley, Ticknor, and one or two others, we almost complete the list of standard authors. . . . The generality of writers at the present day have been so far infected with the faults of the modern French school, that they work only for effects, or sensations, as they are called. Style and beauty of composition are rarely thought of, much less studied. The language itself is distorted and mangled, and beaten into a shapeless mass. The worst passions of the human heart are pandered to,—the vilest social and political theories are promulgated,—the mind of youth is poisoned,—crime, vice, and immorality of all kinds, are encouraged, by the sensational school of literature. As Carlyle truly says about the books of the day, the goats far outnumber the sheep; and they are going, every goat of them, straightway to the bottomless pit. The sooner they get there, and the sooner literature emerges into the broad sunlight of truth, virtue, and beauty, the better will it be for the race.—*N. Y. Herald.*

[From "Poems of Two Friends," Columbus: Follett, Foster & Co.]

THE DOUBT.

BY WM. D. HOWELLS.

She sits beside the low window,
In the pleasant evening-time,
With her face turned to the sunset,
Reading a book of rhyme.

And the wine-light of the sunset,
Stol'n into the dainty nook,
Where she sits in her sacred beauty,
Lies crimson on the book.

O beautiful eyes so tender,
Brown eyes so tender and dear,
Did you leave your reading a moment,
Just now, as I passed near?

Maybe, 'tis the sunset flushes
Her features, so lily-pale—
Maybe, 'tis the lover's passion,
She reads of in the tale.

O darling, and darling, and darling,
If I dared to trust my thought;
If I dared to believe what I must not,
Believe what no one ought—

We would read together the poem
Of the Love that never died,
The passionate, world-old story
Come true, and glorified.

— *Blackwood* for January will contain, from the pen of one of its chief satirists, a paper on "The last French Hero: being some chapters of a very French Novel, not yet published, by Alexander Surand fils." The object of the work is to satirise Alexander Dumas, Jr.

— The fourth and concluding volume of Otto Jahn's "Mozart" has just appeared at Leipsig; and at Stuttgart the second edition of the German translation of Ullichsoff's life of the same great maestro.

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Letter from Paul Morphy, the celebrated Chess Player.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5th, 1859.

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June 15, fast	4 seconds.	Aug. 15, fast	18 seconds.
July 1, "	6 "	Sept. 1, "	23 "
" 15, "	10 "	" 15, "	30 "
Aug. 1, "	16 "	Oct. 1, "	32 "

I give you permission to make such use of this statement as you may think proper. I am, with respect, yours truly,

PAUL MORPHY.

BOSTON, Sept. 27th, 1859.

MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—It gives me great pleasure to comply with your request for a report of the performance of the American watch I purchased of you Dec. 2d, 1858. It was set on that day, and its variation from true time to the 19th of February, 1859, when I let it run down, was ten seconds fast. From that time to the present, it has run with nearly perfect steadiness, having, during the eight months, remained at from seven to nine seconds fast, and this with uncommonly rough usage. I can commend your manufacture in the highest terms. Yours truly,

JAMES H. CLAPP,
Firm of Clapp, Fuller & Brown, Bankers, Boston.

The following is from Mr. Porter, the well-known Marine Chronometer and Watchmaker:

BOSTON, Sept. 28th, 1859.

MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I have sold during the last year a considerable number of watches of the Waltham manufacture, and am happy to say that all of them, without exception, have fulfilled my guaranty, and have given satisfaction to the purchasers.

GEORGE E. PORTER.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 27th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I have, at the suggestion of a number of persons, made a thorough examination of the plan of construction adopted by your Company in the manufacture of watches, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be simple, scientific, and eminently practical. It would be very remarkable if any single watch made on this plan should fail to be an accurately performing time-keeper. I would about as soon expect to see the sun make a baulk, as to see one of your American Watches do so. Very respectfully,

NORMAN WIARD,
Mechanical Engineer and practical Machinist.

BOSTON, August 20th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—The "Waltham," which I purchased some six months since, has given entire satisfaction. Its time has been fully equal to that of a "Frod-ham," which I owned more than a year. Truly yours,

ALBERT METCALF, 65 Franklin street.

Book Room, 300 *Mulberry street*, NEW YORK, Oct. 5th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I take great pleasure in being able to certify that for the last six months I have carried a watch from the manufactory of the American Watch Company, and that it has given perfect satisfaction as a time-keeper. Judging from the one I have, I do not hesitate to predict that the day is not far distant when watches made in the United States will supersede all others.

JAMES FLOY, D.D.

BOSTON, Aug. 9th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I take pleasure in stating that the American Watch I have of your manufacture, performs to my entire satisfaction, running regularly at the rate of thirty seconds fast per month.

Capt. GORHAM H. BARRETT.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—The watch I bought of you—one of your adjusted Chro. Bal. movements—runs to my entire satisfaction. For the past three months it has not varied more than one minute, and is now running at that rate. It has seen the hardest service in every way in point of locomotion.

Yours truly, C. C. SHEAFE.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 27th.

R. E. ROBBINS, Esq.;

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 23d was duly received. In reply I would say, that the American watch No. 6039, has proved itself one of the best watches for railway purposes.

The American watch, in my opinion, is far better than any watch I have used for the last fourteen years on railroads.

I remain, respectfully yours, G. A. FULLER,
Conductor N. H., H. & S. R. R.

P. S.—I would refer you to Mr. Douglass, of N. Y. & N. H. R. R. He has had several of your watches, and is very much pleased with them.

NEWTONVILLE, Aug. 30th, 1859.

R. B. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—The American Watch that I purchased of you about a year since, runs with great exactness; its variations being so slight that I have not found it necessary to set it for several months. Yours truly,

WILLIAM B. SWAN.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co., Waltham, Mass.;

DEAR SIR:—The American Watch, No. 6976, I have carried during the past eighteen months, has fully sustained my high anticipations in regard to its performance—as have those worn by several of my friends during the same period. I can heartily recommend these watches as possessing, in an eminent degree, the qualities of excellent time-keepers.

Yours truly, H. L. SWAIN.

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	Per ct.
First Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared July 9,	37, 33½
Second " " " "	July 8, 38, 50
Third " " " "	July 14, '59, 50

SECOND:—The security given, which is already large, will constantly increase with each year of successful operation. This is exhibited clearly in the following Statement, showing the position of the Company in each year since the new system was adopted:

July, 1856,	Net Assets possessed by the Co.,	$570,363 43
" 1857,	" " " "	649,719 54
" 1858,	" " " "	731,908 52
" 1859,	Gross Assets, " "	905,681 84
	" Liabilities,	16,514 37

THIRD:—The insured incur no liability whatever, while obtaining these advantages of superior security and cheapness.

FOURTH:—This Company has reserved the right to issue Policies which do not participate in the profits, and such policies will be issued to those who prefer it, at prices as LOW as any COMPANY can insure, and, at the same time, present PERMANENT SECURITY to their customers.

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50	per cent to all members since	1853.
38	" " " "	1848.
30½	" " " "	1843.

The Dividend is declared on the following basis:

Accumulated fund, Dec. 1, 1858,		$1,395,622 21
Reservation for reinsurance at the tabular rate,	$880,252 21	
Estimated deterioration of lives otherwise than by difference of age,	88,000 00	
Estimate of losses not heard from,	20,000 00	
Contingencies of investments, 5 per cent. on the amount of property of the Company,	69,781 00	
Reserve for small bills not presented, and charges accruing at agencies on business not yet matured,	1,816 00	
Amount of surplus for distribution,	335,763 00	$1,395,622 12

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